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author for it; but we have little hope that the false and foolish impressions concerning him, as a selfish and heartless monster, will be dissipated in this generation. Strange it is, there are no judgments which we are so unwilling to have disturbed as those which wrong our fellow-men. But the time must come when the greatest poet of his age will be judged no longer by court gossip and the misrepresentations of party spite, but by his works. And when so judged he will assuredly — even as a moral nature — be esteemed “very highly for his works’ sake.”

6. — *Felicità: a Metrical Romance.* By ELIZABETH C. KINNEY. New York: James S. Dickerson. 1855. 24mo. pp. 188.

BEFORE the appearance of this poem Mrs. Kinney had secured an enviable position among the female writers of the country. Her productions had borne the impress of a vigorous intellect and superior powers of conception and expression. In Southern Italy, where she has of late resided, she became possessed of a story in some of its features so extraordinary as to approach the incredible, but serving to confirm the ancient and undeniable adage, that “truth is stranger than fiction.” She has chosen to entitle the tale founded on these marvellous facts “a metrical romance”; for around the narrative she has woven a web of her own, on which she has lavished the richness of her fancy, and expended the resources for illustration which she had treasured up in her reading and her travel.

The opening scene is in a convent in Italy, and

“ Now the holy vespers cease :
Twilight’s curtain is descending, —
Day’s tumultuous rule is ending
In the gentler reign of peace :
To their cells the nuns repair,
Each to sleepy tasks of prayer ;
All to count their beads ; save one
Who gives thanks that she ’s alone ;
For she hath too little share
In what makes the others’ care ;
Rather would she from afar
Hold communion with a star ;
Or, to be still more in tune,
Worship tranquilly the moon.
Why, O why, then, is she there ?
Who ’s the maid Felicità ? ”

She is the daughter of an avaricious monster of a father, whose cru-

elty had early driven to the grave the gentle mother of "the maid Felicità." He had placed the motherless child in a convent to be educated, and, now that she has grown to be a maiden of lustrous beauty, the wretch conceives and executes the design of carrying her to an Oriental slave-market, and there selling her charms for gold. Her rescue from the grasp of her purchaser, her flight, her subsequent life of devotion, love, and disappointment, and her death, furnish scenes for the revelation of the very highest faculties of poetical description, and they have not been inadequately handled in these warm and well-wrought pages. But the story, and the affluence with which it is embellished, are among the least of its claims upon our interest. Felicità, in the presence of her Arab lord, appealing to his magnanimity, and in the panoply of innocence and loveliness braving his wrath, is an object of lofty admiration, and the picture vividly illustrates the power of virtue to subdue. One is made to feel "how awful goodness is," even when that goodness is in the garb and form of beauty that charms while it conquers. Into the dungeon to which her master has consigned her comes a youth, who, like herself, is a captive, and from her own land. He had seen her, and knew her fate; and now, at the risk of his life, he proffers his love and her liberty, if she will fly and share life with him when they are free. The maiden cannot promise love as the reward for rescue, and will not accept liberty under the implication of such a pledge. The youth must therefore weigh the question of risking his own life for the sake of saving her who has now warned him that he cannot have her love. He conquers himself; rises to the heroic purpose of saving her for her sake only; with gentle violence draws her from her cell, and into the streets of the city. He perishes in the flight; while she escapes to Italy, and there loves, but is not loved in return. This conflict, that wears out her life, and brings her to an early grave, is wrought up with great power, and in some passages with a pathos and melancholy beauty that cannot be read without emotion.

Mrs. Kinney is very happy in the development of the gentler passions of her heroine. Thus, when, after a series of painful vicissitudes, she at length meets one whose noble soul excites the admiration and secret love of her own,

"Weeks passed, yet only days they seemed
Unto Felicità, who dreamed
For the first time the dream of love!
Love, to whose wand enchanted move
The hours, as if on shining wings
They flew to angel whispirings!
She suffered not: her spirit basked

In the first sunshine it had known ;
For her lost gold she never asked, —
A queen she felt upon a throne,
And seemed a world-wide wealth to own.
In this ecstatic state, to those
Who would her fevered mind allay
With the cool balsam of repose,
She seemed as one not long to stay, —
As one who saw, by second-sight,
Opening before her heaven's pure light."

Not unfrequently Mrs. Kinney disregards the harmony of numbers, and presses into her service intractable words and phrases, which jar on the ear, and impede the current of her usually mellifluous verse. But defective rhythm cannot neutralize the varied merits of this production, which needs only to be read to be admired.

7.—BARNARD'S *American Journal of Education*. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Hartford. 1856.

WE have here the first numbers of a periodical journal, which is destined, as we will not doubt, to be of great use in advancing the civilization of this country. While the interest universally taken in Common School instruction, and the elevation, we may almost say everywhere, of the standard of qualifications for teachers, have been the means of establishing in many States Common School Journals, Teachers' Journals, and other periodicals for like objects, conducted in many instances with great spirit,* "The American Journal of Education," as edited by Mr Barnard, is established to enter on a range of discussion and investigation much wider than that which examines simply the best methods of imparting instruction to children; and it will be the highest authority which this country will have, as to systems tested abroad, or the improvements necessary at home.

We constantly regret, in the management of our own journal, that the claims of general literature, of science, of new questions in social order, and of history, are such that we cannot devote the space which we should be glad to do to subjects relating to college education,—to the scientific advancement of the country,—to the intense necessity among us for Art-culture, musical and architectural, as well as that which relates to the arts of design,—and also to those efforts

* Mr. Barnard names a dozen of these, published in various parts of this country.